An Exciting Story of the War of 1812.

BY JOHN R. MUSICE.

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued. With the cessation of firing came a few moments of relief to the tired gunners. They gathered about in small groups and began talking about the late attack, and

the probable result of the siege.

The artillerymen on the west side of the fort had rendered but little service, owing to lick of skill, and the uneven ness of the ground.

"Cap'n," said Simon to the young com-mander, whom he met on his stroll about the village, "d'ye reckon there kin be any

possible doubt abcout them two fellers from the Xenophon?"

"Why, no, Simon; why should we doubt them now?"
"I don't know," the Yankee answered, rubbing his face with his hands, "but they're quare, ye know. I was goin' abeout the big gun an' I saw 'em talkin' to each other in whispers, an' when they saw me comin' they jist got scart all at once, an' one grabbed the other's hand and said: 'Hu-sh-sh-sh!' Naow, Cap'n

I'd like amost plaguey well to know what tha-at means. don't know, Simon. I am sure I don't know, and yet I am certain that if we understood it all there would be noth-

ing bad in it; they are our friends."
"I dosn't know," answered Simon some what skeptically.
"Why, Simon, how can you doubt them
after such service as they have rendered

us."
"It may all be fer show, ye know," said

Simon.
"I do not think if this man Burnett

"Yes, Cap'n, tha-at's it, ye see, "said the Yankee, mysteriously. "They may hate the man-o'-war 'cause they got flogged aboard her, but they mayn't hev any love for the stars and stripes, ye know. "I think you are wrong, Simon. I be-

lieve they are true to us. That may be so, Cap'n, but I'm goin' to keep my eyes on em, an' ef they go crooked, ye kin jest bet, I'll string 'em up so high they'll git a bird's-eye view o' the new Jerusalem.

With this threat Simon went away, and the young commander returned to his headquarters, after issuing such orders as were necessary. He had the villagers and raw recruits pretty well organized. A strong guard was kept on the west side of the fort to prevent a surprise from the inland forces. A guard was placed out toward the sea, and all precaution possible taken to prevent any communication between the man-of-war and Major Bridges forces. But that of course was impossible to do, and that afternoon a look-out reported that a boat had put off from the man-of-war and was standing into shore. The young commander spent as much of his time as he could with his betrothed,

consoling her as no one else could at the loss she had sustained or was soon to

When evening came dark clouds over-spread the sky. There would be no moon until late in the morning, and the night bid fair to be extremely dark. Griffith Alton was in the small house

he had set apart as his headquarters, and Simon, Al, Jones, Small, and several others, who were the coolest-headed of the villagers, were in consultation with

"We are going to have an extremely dark night," the young commander said.
The clouds are growing thicker, and in an hour one cannot see a foot before him. This is a serious and trying time for us. Guard the guns closely, and see that no spies are allowed to spike them. Should

our big gun be spiked, we would be at the mercy of the man-of-war."

"Yes, Cap'n; be sure ye know who guards that gun," said Simon.

"I will, Simon," said Griffith, with a "You are the man I shall intrust

with that business." "All right, by Jewhillika Crickets! I'll sleep on it. I'll not git an inch away from it this night."

Simon was instructed to take as many assistant guards as he would need, and during the night he was to have entire charge of the gun. Pickets were sta-tioned beyond the works and a chain of guards inside them, to prevent a surprise

or spies from coming within their lines.

A heavy fog rolled in from the ocean and enveloped the coast for miles, falling in a sort of mist or drizzle; waterproofs and tarpaulins were thrown over the guns

to keep them dry.

The cares, excitement, and anxieties of the day had been trying on the young commander, and he sank back in the chair and closed his eyes. In a few mo-ments he was asleep. The measured tread of the sentry at the door was the only sound which broke the silence. This did not interfere with the repose of the tired Captain.
But when he heard the sentry challenge

some one, he started up to a sitting posi-

Low voices were heard without. A moment later the guard put his head in, and without the formulity of saluting as a regular soldier would, said: "Thar's a feller here who wants to see

yer."
The Captain rose from his chair and asked the sentry to show him in. A mo-ment later Jack Hatchet, with his face betraying no little excitement, entered. "Griff, we've got spies in camp," he

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I meen just what I say. Thar's some un who's a stranger in these ere works, sure as yer livin'. The young Captain buckled on his sword, put on his hat, stuck a brace of

pistols in his belt, and, throwing a light cloak over his shoulders, sallied forth. "Show them to me, Jack," he said, as be stepped out into the darkness. ill ef I kin find 'em; I come near

shootin' one o' the scamps, but he dodged me."
"What do they seem to be trying to do?"

"Spike the guns," was the unswer. The young commander was not a little alarmed at this intelligence, and calling an orderly ne issued orders for double guards to be placed at all the guns and every point guarded to see that no one

Now, Jack," he said, when this had been done, "you and I will set out on a tour of inspection to find these spies. How many are they?"

"We two will be sufficient to manage them."

"Yes, I think sc."

They had started to the north end of the works when the flash and report of a musket from the embrazure of the big gun caused them to wheel about and hasten toward it. A hundred footsteps were hurrying in the same direction, and

for a moment the fort was thrown into confusion. Cries of:
"To arms! to arms!" brought out the sleeping defenders, who, seizing their fire-locks, fell into line like old veterans, and prepared to sell their lives for their nomes and families.

Above all the confusion could be heard the voice of the Yankee: Ana, ye tarnation porpoise. Darn yel

the wool over my eyes. Git eout, will ye the wool over my eyes. Git eout, will ye Try to spike a gun, eh?"
"What's the matter, Simon?" Capt. Alton asked, as he came up.
"Some pesky sneak's been tryin' to take me nappin', but I guees I made

"Who was it?" I don't know.

What did he try to do?" "Spike the gun. Did you fire that shot?"

Yes. "Did you hit anybody?"

"Did you hit anybody?"
"Yes—doan't ve see that pesky scamp
lyhr thar on the ground; guess ye'll find
I bored him through."
A dark object lying on the ground
attracted the attention of the young
commander, and he walked forward and

stooped to examine it.

"Why, Simon," he said in astonishment, "there is nothing here but a

"Thar haint? Well, I'd swar thar was a man in it when it went deown. "Jack," said the young officer as torches were brought to the spot, "there are spies

> CHAPTER IX. "IS HE A TRAITOR?"

There was a moment's silence, broken at last by Simon.
"By Jeruselem, of that doan't beat the Dutch!" he ejaculated. "Whar in the nation has the critter gone off to, I'd like

That is what we would all like to know, Simon," said the young com-mander. "Are you right sure you were not dreaming, and fired at a creature of

your imagination?"
"Dreamin' Jeruselem: d've call this a dream?" and Simon selzed the blanker and held it before the face of the young

Captain.
"No, Simon, there can be no question of that being a reality," he answered.
"Well, Cap'n, of that's a reality, so was
the man that wore it."

The blanket was examined and found to be a common gray blanket such as many of the American soldiers used in their camp. There was a hole in one corner, testifying that Simon's rifle had

not entirely missed the mark.
"Does anyone recognize this blanket?" asked our hero, holding it up in the light of the torch.

of the torch.
"Yah, meestur, it was mine," said a
German, coming forward and laying his hand on it.
"It was?" asked the Captain. "Then

how came it here?"
"Me cannot dell, Meestur Capdain. Me vas sleeping mit mine planket over top of minezelf, und zomepody coomes along vonce to me und shteals it avay, und I vakes up all cold.'

The young commander gave the German a searching glance and said:

"What is your name?"
"Shacob Hess," was the answer.
"Well, Jacob, you are a prisoner."
"Von brizoner—mine Gott in Heimel, vot ver you make me von brizoner shust fur because zome von shtole mine

"Does any one know this man?" asked the Captain.

A farmer came forward and said that Jacob was his neighbor, and he had always believed him to be true to the American cause. But the Captain decided under the circumstances to have the German arrested and put under guard until morning, when he would have his case investigated. The Dutchman expostulated in broken

English, and declared that he was innocent, but it was all of no avail. The order for his arrest was executed, and the Dutchman taken away amid many protestations. "Now, Griff," said Hatchet, pulling the young commander aside just as if he was still a village boy, "'spose me an'

you make that rounds we war a talkin' "In a moment, Jack," said the young fficer. "There are some very important officer.

orders to issue and carry out. For a few moments Griffith was busy. but as soon as he was at leisure he joined

Jack, who stood near, impatiently chewing his huge cud of tobacco.

Wall, boy, ye got through all that ar red tape tomfoolery at last, hev ye?—

The Captain laughed, but made no reply to the jeering remark of his companion. He knew old Jack so well and so thoroughly—understood that beneath his gruff, rugged exterior there beat a warm heart—that he did not for a moment doubt him. The old blacksmith was brave as a lion, and could be depended on for his courage, though he utterly de-

spised all form of show, as men of his class are apt to do. They went slowly ar cautiously along the breastwork, going a northerly direction. The little village was in a state of excitement. Lanterns and torches were hurrying hither and thither. Jack

noticed them and growled. They're a pack o' fools; they'll never catch anybody. They'll jest show the

spies a way to escape."
"Where did you first see them, Jack?" "Who-them two spy fellers? Why, I seed 'em at one 'o them smaller cannons

what pints out to sea." "Not quite. They were pretty close, though, and seemed to be debatin' wheth-

er they'd better spike it or not, but jest then I cocked my ole smooth-bore. They heerd me, an' concluded, 1 guess, to git, fur all at once they jest seemed to flop out o' existence. I couldn't find 'em no where. They were on that line of the fortifica-

tion where no guns were placed, and there were no lights here. All was the deepest darkness, and the young com-mander thought that this would undoubtedly be the place the spies would That's a rat-tail file seek. He told Jack Hatchet that the earth to spike a gun. sties could not find a more suitable place

him to keep his eyes open. "Don't ye think I'm goin' to be took nappin'," said that individual. "I tell ye, Cap'n. I'm as hot as a forge. I'd melt a hoss-shoe null to-night. Oh, ef I could as he went through the door this rat-tail only git a clutch o' them varmints, I'd file fell out of his pocket, and Herry 'em think it war the day that the picked it up." kingdom was a comin'!"
"Hush. Jack."

D'ye hear something?"

Jack listened himself. Both of them halted and the officer cocked his pistol and Jack Hatchet his gun. The blacksmith strained his hearing, but could catch no sound that was at all suspicious. "What d'ye hear, Griff?" he at last

asked.

"Some one walking."
"Where?" "Just ahead of us. They have stopped now." It was intensely dark in this part of the fort. The officer sincerely wished he had a lantern with him, and at first

thought of sending Jack Hatchet after one, but on second thought decided not to do so. Might it not be a bold scheme to capture him and force a capitulation.

He decided to keep Jack with him.
As long as he had the quaint blackhis side he felt that he could defend himself against a half dozen ord:

"Griff," said Jack, "let's steal up ou em like we war ctalkin' a deer.

"Very well. I hear nothing more or them, though."

Stooping to a crouching position, the Captain and his companion crept forward, keeping well under the works, so low to the ground that a shot could scarce have hit them. In this manner they advanced several yards and halted.

o'ye near 'em yet, Griff?" Jack asked. "No, I bear nothing but the sentries."

"D'ye reckin' they've got away?" I can not say, Jack. We will "I can not say, Jack. We will go on until we come to the light shead. If they have not jumped the earthworks, they have gone into the village."

The whole line of works was traversed,

but no sign of the spies could be found. They were now in sufficient light to see each other's features. Griffith and the blacksmith exchanged glances. Both

"Jack, if they were hiding under the bring a traitor or sov"

"I know it, Griff. I don't believe they

"Then have they escaped?"

"Where are they?"
"Griff," said Jack Hatchet, seizing the
American by the lapel of his coat, "I
don't believe there's been a Britisher crossed our line to-night." "You don't?"

"Then you think these spies are only imagination."
"No; ye don't seem to understand, Griff. Than's been some deviltry at work, be-yond a doubt, I reckon. Them Britishers are got friends in here somewhere, but

they come in afore dark." what! do you think we have had spies in here all day long?"

"Yes, I do."
"Who do you suppose they could be Tack?"
"Well, Griff, I wouldn't be one bit surprised ef it wasn't them two deserters from the man-'o-war."

"Yes." "Why, you must be crazy, Jack." "I guess, Griff, ef you'd study a little on the matter ye'd come to the conclusion that I'm not so far off in this matter as you are.

Who-Burnett and Dawes?"

"Why did they fight the English with such determination? Burnett himsel." almost ruined the man-of-war by his excellent marksmanship."
"I know that, Griff, but thar's some

thin'so strange about it all. Now that blanket at which the Yankee shot, how "I don't know. "I tell ye, Griff, I don't believe that

that Dutchman was any spy. He has lived out here ten miles away for years.
I've shod horses for him all that time— At this moment the discharge of a musset at the extreme north end of the fort attracted the attention of Captain Alton and Hatchet. They ran to the spot and found the sentry to be a green boy, who, half frightened out of his wits, stood on the parapet, an empty gun in his hand.
Did you fire that shot?" the Captain asked. Yes, zur," was the answer.

"At whom did you fire?"
"Dinged of I know," the frightened hoy answered, trembling with uncontrollable fear. "I was jest a walkin' on my beat an' I sees some un come out from the ground

"Out from the ground? What do you mean? "I mean I saw some 'un seem to jest rise up out o' the ground down thar whar you are," the stupid fellow replied. "I halted 'em, but they wouldn't answer, an'

I blazed away." "Did you hit?" What became of the man at whom you

fired?" "Dun know; saw some'un runnin' up the hill toward town. "Griff," Tala Hatchett nudging the

aptain with his elbow, "I'll jest bet ye gill o' buttermilk agin two pickled jaybirds that it war them. Griffith paid no attention to the blacksmith, but asked the boy if he was not asleep and dreamed that he saw some one.

"No, zur; I saw 'un," the boy stupidly declared, "I'd swear I saw 'un." "How many did you see?" "Two. "I told ye so, Griff," put in Hatchet.
"What direction did they go?"
"Up toward town—that way," the boy answered, pointing toward the village.
"I'll have the guard doubled here." said
the commander, as they turned away.

"Griff, le's go up to that house." Vhich? "The one the boy pointed out. It's the very same house that deserter o' the Xen-

ophon stays in. I believe he's into this." "Jack, you seem very persistent, especially since we've had such abundant proof of the honesty of both these men." Well, Griff, I tell ye it's not all right, an' ye'll see it," said the blacksmith.

"I must go to headquarters first," said the commander, "and then I will go with yot."
"Griff, I'll go right on there now and wait for you. I tell ye, Griff, we're on a hot trail, and 'twon't do to let the thing cool smith, his eyes shining with excitement in the uncertain light of the torches.

"I agree with you, yet I must go to headquarters and issue new orders at Perhaps a more experienced comman-

der would have remained at headquarters during such stirring events, but Griffith's military experience did not extend back over a few months. He found Simon at headquarters. "Cap'n," said the Yankee in a whisper,

'I believe it's them fellers who deserted the British man o' war what's doin' this. "Never mind now, Simon," the vexed officer answered, hastening to his desk. Why does everybody seem to suspicion these men? Despite all his plain common-sense

reason the young commander found a vague suspicion taking possession of We can not always control our suspicions, much as we may desire to do His work fin shed, he left the house and hastened to where Jack Hatchet was waiting for him. Several of the most prominent of the villagers were grouped together not far from the house

in which the two deserters were.

"Look here, Griff, d'ye see this?" asked Jack Hatchet, handing Captain Alton a long, sharp-pointed iron instrument. That's a rat-tail file, the best thing on

"Where did you get it?" asked the Capfor concealment or escape, and cautioned tain, his face growing very pale.

"Henry Small was standing here jist after that boy shot at the spy, and he saw "I tell that ar mysterious gunner hurry up from a dark corner an' slip in his house. Jest

> "After all, is he a traitor?" the puzzlet Captain asked himself.

CHAPTER X.

TEE LOVERS-A DARK FACE "Griff," said Hatchet, in a voice scarce above a whisper, and that trembled with excitement, "I tell ye we don't dar' put this off a minit longer. Let's go right in thar, bring 'em out 'n hang 'em.

'No, no, Jack; you are too violent." "Violent! Griff; thunder! don't they hing spies?" asked the blacksmith. "Yes; but not until they are thoroughly convinced they are spies.

"My all, Griff! sin't ye thoroughly convinced?" asked Jack, in astonishment, I'd like to know how much more ye want to convince ye that they are spies?" They may be able to explain these

nysteries, Jack. I don't think it prudent to deal summarily with men on mere suspicion. Then, fur the Lord sake, what ye goin to do? Jest let 'em take us in an' cut our

throats an' not make a move to prevent 'em?' "No. It may be a good idea to question them on this matter, and if we find that they cannot make satisfactory answers to questions, put them under arrest.' Better put 'em under the ground

Griff. 'Twon't take no one to guard 'en there. For a moment the young commander was silent, and then he laid his hand on Jack's shoulder and said:

"Did you ever hear the story of the man

who had a goose that laid a golden egg every day, Jack, and he killed the goose to get all the eggs at once and found We might do that ourselves. If we should kill this mysterious gunner we know that the Xenophon could blow us out of existence. Let's put him under arrest and make him sight the gun for us. He has exhibited his skill, and if he refuses to strike the ship with solid shot or shell then it will be time enough to string him up for non-performance of duty, or

The blacksmith and his companions as-sented, and with a guard armed with muskets, the Captain went to the door. He could hear the two deserters talking in a low tone. He waited a moment trying to catch the drift of their conversation, but was unable to distinguish a single word

At last he rapped lightly. Evidently the men were very busily engaged for they did not hear him, and continued their low, inaudible conversation, speaking but little above whispers. He rapped again, louder than before. The voices became silent and there was a confused rustling sound as if they were alarmed or annoyed at the interference. The Captain rapped still louder and after a moment's hushed

whispering, footsteps were heard approaching the door.

The door was opened by the mysterious gunner himself, and his face betrayed evident confusion when he discovered the commander of the post confronting

him with half a dozen armed men.
"Come in, Captain Alton," said the deserter, after a short but awkward silence. The Captain and two men stepped inside the house. "What do you want, Captain? I suppose you want to see us?"
"Yes, Mr. Burnett, I want to know what

this is," and the young commander held up the file.

The deserter of the Xenophon took it in his hand, and, after a glance at it, answered:

"It's a rat-tail file."
"Where did it come from?" The deserter was confused for a moment, and then answered:
"I can't tell, I am sure, shipmate."
"Well, Mr. Burnett, I want to know

how you came with it?" By this time Henry Dawes came for ward and stood by his comrade's side,

and their faces expressed blank amazement, if not confusion. Captain Alton, I must confess I'm off my bearin's; can't ye give us the soundin's? What d'ye mean?'

"I mean—I want to know how you came to have this rat-tail file in your pos-"I never had it in my possession, Cap'n."

g-g-guess, supmate, ne was mistaken. I hope I may never reef another

sail, Cap'n, ef I ever had that rat-tail file in my hands."
"But I saw ye drap it," put in the car-

"Where?" "Jest as ye come in here the last time." He was too much confused and annoyed to make any response. It was really need-less to ask him if he had been out, for by his acts he admited he hal. Henry Dawes exchanged glances with Burnett, and it was easy for one to imagine that they saw guilt expressed on their countenances. After a few moments of awkward silence, Burnett, who was the first "I don't clearly see the lay o' the land, Cap'n, but if I do, it seems to me that you have come to think somethin' ill

Spies have been reported in camp." "Aha! Your suspicious are aroused, too, are they, Cap'n? I was jest going to

warn you."
"I thank you, sir," said Captain Alton, coolly, "but it seems from what I am able to gather that they were detected trying to spike the gans. They have been traced from the guns to your door where you yourself were seen to drop the rat-tail file, the very thing above all others with which one might be expected to try to spike a gun."

Dawes could be restrained no longer,

and pulling his forelock respectfully, he "Begyer pardon, Cap'n, but d'ye think we're sailin' under false colors?"

"I do not know, but for the present you will have to consent to being prisoners. "Tar an' 'ounds, Cap'u," ejaculated Dawes. "Ef ye've come to regard us as suspicious crafts jest take off yer embargo, an' we'll weigh anchor and quit port."
"I can't consent to that. There is some suspicion against you, and you must con-

sent to be prisoners for a time at least." Dawes lost his temper at what he regarded as bad faith on the part of his countrymen, and at the same time a lack of gratitude in requisited their carrice with imprisonment. But the mysterlous gunner was cooler, and by a few words of advice got his companion quieted.

Captain Alton disarmed the deserters. left them under a strong guard, and then detailed fifty men to watch for the spies outside. The remainder of the night passed in quiet. The next day proved to be foggy and disagreeable. No object could be seen any distance away, and it was impossible to see one-fourth the dis-tance out of the bay. Of course the man-of-war was not visible. The day passed drearily enough. Not a shot was fired from ship or shore, and one could half believe that the enemy had raised

the siege and retired. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE murder of Benwell by Burchell and the execution of the murderer have caused the following remarks about emigration frauds by a London paper: Is there any punishment too severe for the scoundrel who by specious lies induces ignorant peasants to break up their homes and start for an imaginary paradise beyond the Atlantic, after parting with their all to get there? It may be pretty safely assumed that the thousands of Austrian Poles who have thus been stripped bare by greedy schemers would make things unpleasantly warm for their plunderers if they could only lay hands on the inhuman wretch-Unhappily, discovery is rarely 28. made until the swindlers have got away to some place of safety with their swar; and so it seems likely to prove in the present instance. Here in England, the game is still carried on to some extent, but in a much more cautious way. Our emigration diddlers rarely address their overture to the working classes; they aim at higher game in the person of the younger sons of fairly endowed families. "What shall we do do with our boys?" asks paterfamilias despairingly of the wife of his bosom. She is as much at a loss for a reply as he is himself; the young hopefuls would, she thinks, make excellent colonists, with their strong limbs, hatred of study, and voracious appetites; but how are they to get a good start in the promised land? Here is a kind gentleman offering-in return for a paltry premium of a hundred pounds or so -to receive the sons of gentlemen at his farm in Barataria, to give them a thorough practical training in Baratarian agriculture, and finally to set them up as farmers on their own feet. So, Tom, Dick, or Harry is appointed to make trial of this excellent opening, and within a few months he either works his passage back to England, or adds another unit to the substratum of some American city. For the splendid farm proved to be a rank humbug, while the agicultural training took the form of brutal language, every sort of hardship, and next to nothing to eat. Yet, although this vulgar fraud has been perpetrated a thousand times on British parents, the trade appears to go on as briskly as ever, and, no doubt, as profitably.

To DEVOTE one's self to something higher than one's self, this is the answer of the ages to all who would find perpetual interests, and live in that energy which is immortal

SCALPING.

WHY INDIANS TAKE THEIR ENE MIES' SCALPLOCKS

Non-Combatants Not Mutilated by Savages-How Mexicans Scalp Indians-A White Man Who Survived a Scalping.

It is the fall of 1878. The Cheyennes, dissatisfied with their place in the Indian Territory, have broken into small bands and are breaking for their old home in the north. Two companies of United States cavalry are in pursuit, but the Indians outnumber the soldiers, and when the troops get too close they turn and fight like cornered wildcats. Every day the soldiers find fresh evidences of the ferocity of the savages they are pursuing. Every village along their path has been devastated. The mutilated bodies of men lie in the streets-four or five in every town. Finally the troops reach the village of the Mennonites. There they find twenty-seven dead men and boys, almost the entire population of the town. The Indians were less merciful to the women. Several of them are found stark mad wandering on the prairie. There are other marauding bands of Indians in the country, but the work of the Cheyenne is unmistakable. The bodies are not scalped. This is

the Cheyenne's way of expressing con-



HOW INDIANS SCALP MEXICANS.

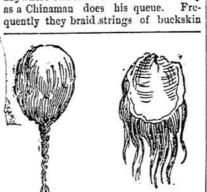
HOW MEXICANS SCALP INDIANS.

tempt for those he kills. There is no glory in carrying the scalp of a man who will not fight. One of the articles of the faith of the sect that constitutes the population of the village is abhorrence of war and all manner of bloodshed. There was not a firearm in the village when the 200 Indians swept through it. Further on the the soldiers find a wounded horse lying on the prairie. Near him is a cowboy's hat, by it lie two or three empty rifle cartridges. There was a fight here. A hundred yards further on are more shells, and the grass is spotted with blood. Fifty yards further they find the body of a cowbey. About him are more shells, pistol cartridges this time. The cowboy's long hair is gone. Here was an adversary whom there was some glory in killing. To the soldiers familiar with life and death on the plains there is no mystery about what they see on the prairie there.

The cowboy met the Indians and rode for his life away from them. But among all those who pursued some must have had horses swifter than the cowboy's pony. He tried to keep them back with his rifle, but the Chevennes are not cowards. So the unequal race was run, the Indians firing as they pursued. They shot his horse, and he tried to make a fort all I remember until next morning. I of the animal's body. Maybe he kept felt my face all wet and a most peculiar them off for a time-the empty shells feeling on my head. I was not yet conwould indicate as much. Then they be- scious enough to feel pain. I put my can to circle out around him to take him from the rear. His fort was no longer tenable, and he ran again. Where the party of soldiers found me and the sursecond shells and the blood stained grass were found a bullet reached him, and he went down, still fighting. He must have breast. I went East and they cut an recovered enough to make another effort. Another shot reached him as he dropped from exhaustion, and he fought on to the end with his six-shooter. That is why they took his scalp. Just the hair on the top of the dead cowboy's head was gone. The scalping knife cut around just below the line of the hair on the forehead. Then the knife circled his head, taking in that portion of the scalp where the hair di vides behind. That is the way they scalp

a white man. Had their victim been a Sioux or a Kiowa they would not have taken so much. But a white man does not dis-

tinguish his scalplock. The scalplock consists of the axis of the scalp. Just that spot where the hair that you brush to the front and to the sides joins that which you brush back toward the neck. Nearly all the Indians take great trouble with the scalplock. They let the hair grow longer there than anywhere else and braid it as carefully



RUNNING DEVIL'S YELLOW HAND'S SCALP.

or rabbit skin in with it and ornament it with bits of glass or bright metal. Death to one of these Indians, provided he does not lose his scalplock, means little. He is never dishonored while this wisp of hair is still attached to his skull. In the earlier days of Indian fighting a

whole tribe would hold a dance of rejoicing if they found their dead after a battle unscalped. Some of the Western tribes have a belief that accounts for the consideration with which the scalplock is regarded. It is that the spirit of the dead Indian is lifted up to the happy hunting-grounds by his scalplock, and that without this appendage he can never reach the Indian paradise. So these Indians will do anything to prevent their scalps from ornamenting the belt or tepee of an enemy. There are numerous instances of warriors who, finding themselves cut off from all hope of escape, have ridden over precipices and gone down singing a song of triumph, because the enemy could not get their hair. This is also the reason that the Indians always carry off their dead and hide the bodies where they can never be found.

The manner of scalping varies little among different tribes. The Sioux take a smaller piece of the scalp than most others, but even this depends entirely on the amount of time they have for the operation. They are not, however, as

the character of the man from whose head the hair comes. Their habit is to scalp every man, woman or child that they kill. But the Indians are a strange

particular as the Cheyennes and as to

people, and no rule is invariable. For instance, when they wiped out Custer's command, the "chief with yellow hair" was not commend. They took his epaulets and his belt, but that was all, while many of the soldiers were hacked and mutilated frightfully. And yet Custer had been their most constant enemy, and had fought as long as there was a breath in his body. During the devastating march of the Cheyennes northward a couple of Captain Wood's troopers were killed. They buried them near where they fell. After the Indian trouble was over the soldiers went out after the bodies of their comrades. They found that the Indians had dug them up and

scalped them. The process of scalping is very simple. The Indian simply holds the hair on the top of the head in his left hand. Two semi-circular cuts are made, and then a good pull tears the scalp off. In Stockton street saloon a dusty handful of hair is nailed to the wall. It is the scalp of Running Devil, a Comanche. It is over twenty years since the little braid was torn from the Comanche's head by a scout, and the scalp is shrunken and looks like leather that has long been exposed to the sun.

The Apaches seldom if ever scalp. There was a time when rewards were paid for Apache scalps, both in Mexico and Arizona. The fashion on the American side was simply to skin the head; the Mexicans, however, did the work more neatly. They simply cut a strip right over the middle of the head, from side to side, and under the ears. This gave them a band of hair, with the ears attached, that was ample proof that the Indian from whose head it came was dead. It must be said, however, that even when calps were worth \$200 apiece the mar-ket was never glutted. The people on the frontier do not like to hunt Apaches. The Indians are usually closely pursued while on their raids and have not much time to spend in scalping. On this account a small number of people have been scalped and have lived to tell of it.



JOHN T. CUMMINGS'S MISSING SCALP.

John T. Cummins an old Caiifornia prospector, had this experience. He was prospecting close to the Oregon line when the Modocs went on the warpath in 1873. "I didn't know that the Indians were out at all," said he, "until a volley from the brush killed my partner. One bullet tore through my forearm. I ran for the tall timber, but had not gone far before I felt myself hit again. That's hand to my head and the touch made me quiver all over. I fainted again. A geon did what he could for me. The wound that knocked me was on my right arrowhead out of there. For years the pain from the scalping kept me almost crazy. It is easier now, of course, but even now the touch of a finger to the bare scalp will make me scream. I cannot bear the weight of a pencil there.' The whole top of Mr. Cummin's head is bare. The naked spot is not like ordinary baldness. It is covered with a thin, green-blue skin. The remainder of the scalp makes a perceptible wall

around it. When an Indian wants a scalp he will go to any length to get it. Some of the members of the Fourth Cavalry tell of a Sioux who carried off a wounded soldier on his saddle-bow and scalped him while the whole command was in pursuit .-San Francisco Examiner.

The Bells of Limerick. The bells of Limerick are said to have cen cast by an Italian, for use in a convent in Italy. In the wars between the Italians and Spaniards the bellfounder lost his two sons, the pride of his old age, and being now friendless. enjoyed as the only solace of his existence the sweet tones of his other children, the bells. While the old man was absent from Italy, the convent was plundered and the bells carried off. He could find no trace of them, and resolved to search the world, that he might die within the sound of his treasures. After long years, he entered Limerick harbor, and the old campanero heard his bells peal from St. Mary's towers. The sounds ceased, and the life of the wandered died with them. Denis Florence McCarthy has written a very graceful poem: "The Famous Bells of Limeron this subject. - Detroit Free Press.

A Moment of Suspense.



urchase)-"If it likes cocoanut candy in' smells it in my pocket, I am lost!"-

The Tacoma (Washington) coal company claims to have struck a vein of coal which they estimate will yield 3,000,000 tons.

The 1855 pattern cent (copper) with flying eagle is worth seventy-five cents.

Trained Cats and Rats.

There is a remarkable show at the Crystal Palace, London, which represe the millennium on a small scale. Th lion does not lie down with the lamb but the cat and the rat, the mouse and



ON THE TIGHT ROPE

together and enjoy the benefits of a good education. The educator of the animals is Miss Tina, who has taught them some remarkable feats. The cats walk the tight rope, which has white rats and mice and chirping canaries strewn all over it. The cats pick their way carefully among their natural prey without molesting them, and will even carry some of them on their backs with out being once tempted to gobble them up. They walk over the tops of chairs, pick their way among a mass of champagne bottles without displacing a single



THE BOTTLE TRICK. one of them, and jump through rings of

fire without the slightest hesitation. Miss Tina trains her cats, rats, mice and birds from a very early age. She begins with a kitten when it is about four months old and manages them by kindness. She never beats them and says they can be trained to almost any-thing by perseverance. The rats and mice become accustomed to the cats and lose all fear of them. All are well fed and seem to enjoy their life.

The Empress of Austria.

Empress Elizabeth has terminated her tour incognita of the various European cities of note and has returned to Vienna. She has derived much benefit, both in health and spirits, from her sojourn in Italy, where she has had that rare luxury of crowned heads, perfect liberty of action and freedom from official attentions of all kinds. Her expressed wish to re-main incognita was respected to the very letter. When in Florence she would often walk out on a fine moonlight night attended only by a lady in waiting, and once, more than an hour after midnight, she was still pacing the Plazza del Duomo admiring the effects



ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

of the mocnlight on the wonderfully

beautiful new facade of the cathedral.

In the same way, at Naples, the Empress used to go about the city chiefly on foot paying long visits to the museums and other places of interest, and, although often recognized, was never intruded on. There was only one episode during the visit which it was feared might act otherwise than beneficially upon her, and that was a long visit she paid to the royal palace. She paced the rooms once inhabited by her sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, for a long time with a saddened brow, In one room was a portrait of her los son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, who committed suicide, and on leaving the palace her majesty's face bore the traces of deep care and she did not speak for some time. The Empress is far from being what she was four years ago, either physically or mentally. Ill health has compelled her to abandon the saddle, that used to be one of the greatest pleasures of her life, and the tragic death of her son has, it is feared, left an ineradicable melaucholy that has done much to rob her of the beauty for which she was once famous .- Chicago Herald.

The wild water fowl which spend the

Hibernacle of Migratory Birds.

summer in the North begin in the fall to make their way southward, stopping on their way to feed on stubbles and in swamps, lakes, and rivers. They finally reach the warm climate where food is abundant during the winter, staying until the heat is uncomfortable, when they go northward again by gradual stages The same habit prevails among land birds, as robbins, swallows, blackbirds, etc .- New York Times.

Changed to Steel in an Honr. David Simpson, a blacksmith employed

in the Carbon Iron Works, Pittsburg, Penn., claims to have a process by which ore can be converted into refined iron in one hour. He says: "I know I have a good thing and am watching it care fully. I can put ore in that furnace, add a few chemicals and in a short time I can draw out good iron; put in some more chemicals and I can draw out 3000 steel. Here is a razor blade of steel made, forged, sharpened and brought to this city in two hours." - Chica